

Call Campaign  
tempting, still  
irising"

No. 40

on Songs

lay the Silver Chord  
I Break!  
hat I should gain  
the Saviour's blood?  
who caused His pain?  
in to death pursued?  
low can it be  
y God, shouldst die for

her's throne above,  
into His grace!  
of all but love.  
Adam's helpless race,  
mense and free,  
d, it found out me!

omed spirit lay

sin and nature's night,  
a quickening ray;  
neon flamed with light,  
I, my heart was free,  
orth, and followed Thee

• \* \*  
Believing" (B.B. 510)

od, to His love and His  
in the darkness of night;  
uld pause in my sorrow  
t for this Friend to come

3 wonderful Friend would

his wonderful Friend I  
aviour, there's kindled a

heart at the sound of His

pleasures of fashion and  
ight hope satisfaction to

the voice of my soul cry  
bury its sorrow and woe

wilness, my hardness,  
blindness a harvest of

and burdened, from good-  
ed,

end who has everythine

Friend that I met with

s of pain, yet the sweet-  
s troubles was crying to

to His side and was  
B.

to-night a city fair  
and bright,"

ay! Why longer stay  
om in the loving heart

your shame and sin  
o enter in;

me in the heart of sin  
"I

nings they never grow  
weary."

ey wear up in glory,  
dety's palm ever the  
ystal sea,

makes them feel wear-  
that country my

o see.

knowest all things."

ector, Thou Spirit

ce to know Then  
measure, peace, perfect  
comfort to know I am  
—L.M.C.

THE VANCOUVER CONGRESS—October 19 to 22!

# THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
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IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

## Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out!

By Commissioner C. H. Jeffries  
[Principal of the International Training Garrison]

IN THE condemned cell of a great prison sat a criminal, waiting to pay the dread penalty of the law for the crime of murder. The prison chaplain had visited him, and endeavored to lead him to repentance and to prepare to meet God.

"What brought you to this?" asked the chaplain. "Drink?" "No." "Gambling?" "No." "Thieving?" "No." "Bad companionship?" "No." "What, then?"

The murderer paused, then whispered sadly in the chaplain's ear—"ONE SIN."

And that one sin, committed in early youth, was the seed of all other sins, and led eventually to the terrible crime that placed him in the felon's cell, and caused him to forfeit his life to justice.

His sin had found him out!

In every sin there is the seed of another sin. It is self-propagating. It roots itself in the soul of the sinner until it has used up every bit of good soil in the soul. It corrupts his nature—perverts his tastes—weakens his will—and sears his conscience. And with each evil deed inclinations towards evil become stronger, and stronger, until "he cannot cease from sin," and the sinner is "consumed by his own lusts."

Sin is a very promising employer—and a terrible taskmaster. It gives dirty work to do, and pays its own wages. A lad who recently obtained a situation unexpectedly returned home and informed his mother that he had left his place. "Why?" said the mother, "was the master unkind?" "No—not that." "That you do not like the work?" "Yes—it was not only that. I didn't like the wages. The master wanted me to sin, and the wages of sin is death."

The wages of sin is death—death to moral goodness—death to spiritual enlightenment—death to hopes of Heaven!

Sin is deceitful. It promises pleasure—it gives pain; it offers life—and gives death. It opens out as bright as the sunniest morning—it closes as dark as the blackest night.

It is a beast of prey. Under a velvet paw it conceals a claw with which it wounds and lacerates those who would stroke it.



than their master. At first they called it the "good creature of God" --- at the last "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

It is the same with the sin of unchastity. With fair speech and flattering tongue the strange woman enticeth the unsuspecting youth to sin. He yields to her solicitations, and gratifieth his passions—and later finds sin has contaminated mind, soul and body. Often, moreover, he transmits to his children the consequences of his own indiscretions. His sin has found him out!

But this is not only the case with the vulgar and vicious sins—the sins of the flesh. Every sin is the same. It sets on fire the whole course of a sinner's nature.

Sin is its own detective. It first leads its soul into sin—then sets out to track the sinner down—and finally metes out to him his own punishment. "His own iniquity shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be hidden with the cords of his sins."

Retribution follows sin, as surely as night follows day. It may seem as if the sin was forgotten—covered up; but it is not so. "Though hand join hand, sin shall not go unpunished." IT WILL FIND YOU OUT.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand—going before to judgment; with some men they follow after." That is, some men sin openly—publicly—and sin unashamed. They are known and condemned as sinners. Others sin in secret—in the night—under cover of respectability; yet even a religious profession. They wipe their mouth, and say there is nothing—it will never be known—while all the time their sins are following after them, and will find them out, exposing them to shame and disgrace in this life, and will certainly testify against them at the Judgment Day.

It is a law of nature that any moving body, once it is started in any direction, must continue to move in that direction *for ever*, unless some force, such as friction with the air, contact with the ground, hindrance or stops it. So morally it takes its revenge on the drunkard. It induces feelings of pleasure and quenches tends to go on for ever, for entices the young man or woman to take just one glass. They lift the cup again and again till they become its influence arrests and stops it. And it—the wine is red—it moveth itself slave. It is their master—yea, worse must be stopped, (Cont'd on Page 2)

Sin is its own avenger! See how it aright in the glass—they drink it up and spiritually—sin with its consequences tends to go on for ever, for it induces feelings of pleasure and quenches tends to go on for ever, for entices the young man or woman to take just one glass. They lift the cup again and again till they become its influence arrests and stops it. And it—the wine is red—it moveth itself slave. It is their master—yea, worse must be stopped, (Cont'd on Page 2)





## Turning Aside to do God's Will

A Sabbath Evening Incident in the Life of The Army Mother

### The Habit that Lasted a Lifetime

THE "Great Eastern" is now forgotten, and so, perhaps, is Sir James Anderson, who commanded her when she laid the cable across the Atlantic, but one story about him does not deserve to die. When a boy he was resolved on being a sailor, and when his mother finally consented and bade him farewell, she said: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on land or sea, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every night and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not." "Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

He had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy who knelt down to pray. On the return voyage, however, some of the sailors having run away, their places were filled by others, one of them proving to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said, in a decided tone: "None of that here."

#### A Well-deserved Thrashing

Another sailor, who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both men returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said: "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will give him another dressing."

The next night it came into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. But the moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, said: "Kneel down at once! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London the sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers.

It was a habit Jamie never lost, and because he was industrious as well as good, he at last reached that eminence in his profession that led to his being chosen for the important undertaking with a reference to which this paragraph began.

#### "See if he Asks"

THE CAPTAIN was out selling the "War Cry." Knocking at the door of a customer, he heard a man say—evidently bent on some fun: "Let me go to the door, and I'll see if he asks me if I'm saved."

What else could the Officer do than accept the challenge, after a moment's conversation?

"Are you saved?" he questioned.

"No."

The Captain dealt with him immediately on the necessity for decision. The Spirit of God continued his work after the Officer had left and the man began to attend the Meetings, and before long was splendidly saved. His wife, already a Christian, was enrolled as a Salvationist with him, and both became good workers.

Some people witness to salvation by the very expression on their faces, and this was so of this man. He became known near and far as "Sunshine," because of the cheeriness of his spirit and the light of joy in his face.—Sydney "War Cry."

On a certain Sabbath evening, I was passing down a narrow, very thickly-populated street on my way to hear a much-honoured minister of Christ, anticipating an evening's enjoyment for myself, and hoping to see some anxious ones brought into the Kingdom, when I chanced to look up at the thick rows of small windows above me, where numbers of women were sitting peering through at the passers-by, or listlessly gossiping with each other.

It was suggested to my mind with great power, "Would you not be doing God more service, and acting more like your Redeemer, by turning into some of these houses, speaking to these careless sinners, and inviting them to the service, than by going to enjoy it yourself?" I was startled. It was a new thought; and while I was reasoning about it, the same inimitable interrogator demanded, "What effort do Christians put forth answerable to the command, 'Compel them to come in, that My house may be filled?'"

#### I Felt Greatly Agitated

This was accompanied with a light and unction which I knew to be divine. I felt greatly agitated. I felt very guilty. I knew that I had never thus laboured to bring lost sinners to Christ, and, trembling with a sense of my inner weakness, I stood still for a moment, looked up to Heaven, and said, "Lord, if Thou will help me, I will try"; and without stopping longer to confer with flesh and blood, turned back and commenced my work.

At some cost to myself, I stopped and spoke of Jesus to a group of women on a doorstep. They listened attentively and I went to another group who received me well. I began to realize that my Master's blessed feet were behind me; nay, before me, smoothing my path and preparing the way.

With increased courage I knocked at a door and entered a home where the man seemed much interested and affected by my words. A woman with a jug in her hand, was standing on the step adjoining. "My divine Teacher," said most plainly to me, "speak to that woman." The woman explained that she

#### His Heart was not in It

A mother was once asked by a member of the family why it was that one of her brothers did not attend the family worship, generally making the excuse that it was too early, or too late, or else he had made an engagement. To the girl who made the enquiry, the mother, very wisely, we suggest, replied: "You see, your brother's heart is not in it!" Why is it men absent themselves from this and that, in respect to religious activities and exercises? We suggest the reason is often just here: their hearts are not in it.

#### ATTACK!

Let this be our motto and practice more than ever before. Let us be on the offensive, individually and as an organization. This was always the Founder's method—ATTACK! He was hot-souled in his assaults upon

#### THE ENEMIES

of Righteousness. He fought against sin in Meetings, on the street corners, in high places, in business, and whether under the crude garb of a laborer or the silken apparel of the wealthy. He vigorously warned men against the power of sin, and extolled the power

#### OF GOD

as the only force that could change "the leopard's spots." The longer we live, the surer we become that he was right when he said: "Do The Army and do it the General's Way!" Shall we not make special effort to do so

#### IN THE CENTENARY CAMPAIGN?

### The Captain who was Fond of Canaries

MAJOR JACK STOKER was a past-master in Salvation "my tact, and he used to tell with considerable relish the following characteristic story:

"When I went first to Hull I remember one Sunday night announcing that I would be starting my Corps visitation, and that I purposed to visit the home of every soldier on the Roll.

"Captain," said a woman Soldier, after I came down from the platform, "please don't come to our house, for as sure as you do my man will kick you out. He won't have any religious man across the door." The neighbours all know this and watch the man of seeing the new Captain being thrown or kicked into the street." "Leave your man to me, missis," said, "I can sweeten him up." The day came when I got into the street where this particular woman lived. I turned round once or twice quickly and saw the neighbours peering out of their doorways for the "fun" that was shortly to be seen. I got to the door, and saw on the wall of the cottage several bird-cages.

"Jumping into the house, I turned a blind eye to the man, who sat near the fire-place, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a nice finnet! Eh, but that's a canary that any man might well be proud of! Ob, I do love birds!"

Then, turning suddenly round, I exclaimed, "Pardon me, sir, I know it's bad manners to come into a house and not speak to the master, but when I see a good bird I seem to forget everything and everybody else."

"So you like birds, Captain, do you?"

"I Cannot Stay to Talk To-day"

"Like birds, sir? Why I almost worship them! But you'll pardon me, I cannot stay to talk to you, I've the birds to do, though I would like to, Good-day!" "Good-day, Captain," said the man.

"At night the woman came to the Meeting, "Captain!" she exclaimed, "my man says you are the only man that ever came to this town that has got any brains! And you're to come to tea on Sunday!"

I went to tea on Sunday, never said grace, never mentioned the name of Jesus, God, Heaven, or Salvation, but talked on general subjects. I went again by invitation of the man on different week evenings, and talked about dogs, horses, sports of various kinds in which I had taken part, but no religion.

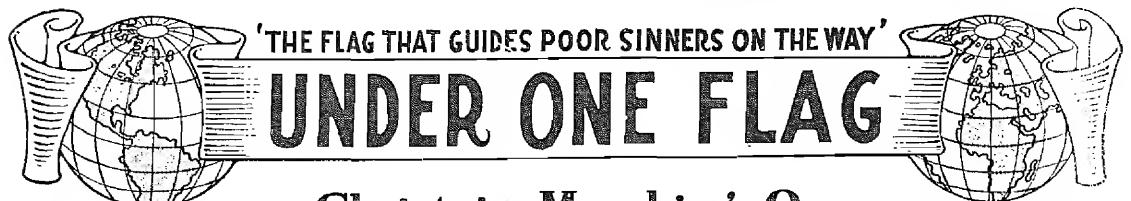
After I left I had got my man (about the sixth visit) and was telling him of my wild days. I suddenly put my hand on his shoulder and exclaimed, "But God has saved me from all that and made of me a soul-winner. And if you'll cry to God, He will do for you what He has done for me!" He fell on his knees, cried like a child for mercy, and to-day is a Local Officer.

#### The Joy of Soul-saving

THE thrilling experiences and adventures that the work of soul-saving brings are among the highest and holiest to be found in human life. There are no joys so great in the world of pleasure or travel or discovery as those which come to the man or woman who lives to save way-side sinners.

After the long and persevering labours of Christopher Columbus in raising funds and equipping ships and in the leadership of a mutinous crew, his great adventure was rewarded by the discovery of a new world. October 12, 1492, must have been an unspeakably happy day for the discoverer of America.

But such worldly achievements cannot measure up to the joy of one who has frequent experience of bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to lost sinners met daily by the wayside of life.



### Christians! I never Heard of Christians! Who are They?

By Brigadier Fimmin Smith

"Khunjipur is an out-of-the-way village off the main track of Salvation Army operations. I had been there on business, and the appearance of The Army's Indian uniform had created no small amount of interest, as I had passed through the village streets and mingled with the crowd from the magistrate's court.

"Now I was standing on the little railway-station platform waiting for a train to take me home. There, as previously in the bazaar, I soon became a centre of interest.

"A young man, evidently of the educated class, passed to and fro, and at each passing scrutinized me curiously. I could see he wanted to speak to me, so by way of encouraging him I said, 'Salvation, brother!'

"He returned my salutation eagerly, and in a confused sort of way asked me: 'Please, who may your honor be?'

"By way of testing him I said to him: 'Who should you think I am?' He answered: 'Sir, I cannot tell. I have never seen any one like you before.' 'You can read?' I questioned, at the same time pointing to the words, 'Salvation Army' written in the vernacular on the front of my red jacket.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I can read, but I cannot understand.'

"'Why, I asked, 'the words are plainly written, are they not?'

"'Yes, the writing is plain, but the meaning is not clear,' he said.

"Then, taking the words as they stood I said: 'Mukti,' you know what that means? 'Yes, I know what Mukti.' 'Then, 'Fani,' you know what that means? 'Yes, I know what 'Fani' means.' 'Mukti' I know and 'Fani' I know, but 'Mukti Fani,' I cannot understand. What has 'Fani' to do with 'Mukti'?'

#### To Save, Not Kill

"So I tried to explain to him that The Salvation Army was a company of people banded together like an army, whose purpose was not to kill, but to save.

"'Then,' he said, 'you are religious people? Yes, you are religious people? I think you are Mohammedan,' he said. 'No, I am not Mohammedan.' 'Then you must be Hindu.' 'No, I am not Hindu.' 'Then, if you are not Mohammedan and not Hindu, what can you be?' 'We are Christians,' I said. 'Christians? I never heard of Christians. Who are they?'

"I had to begin at the beginning and tell him the story of Jesus. When I paused he asked me: 'Have you any books of your religion?' I took out my Hindustani New Testament and read to him from the first chapter of Saint John's Gospel.

"As the wonderful words fell upon his ears for the first time, he seemed to be thrilled by them.

"Suddenly stopping me as I read, he asked, 'Your honor, pardon me, is this writer speaking of himself, or does he refer to another? How like this was the question of the grouch to Philip on the Gaza road! It is of another he speaks, I said; 'even of the Jesus about whom I told you.'

"Wonderful, wonderful words!" he exclaimed. "I never heard anything like that before. Where could I get such a book as that? I had only time to tell him, and then the train came in."

"I have never seen him since. Did he ever find Jesus whose wonderful story so deeply stirred him? I hope so. There are millions yet to whom the story must be told."

We should make the same use of a book as a bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

### Christ is Marching On A Thousand Mysteries and Terrors Give Way Before the Incoming of the Light of the World

STERLING Salvationism, indomitable courage and insistent adhesion to personal conviction characterize the Salvationists of Chile, the great Republic of the West Coast of South America, so says Major Snell, a British Officer who has worked amongst our comrades in that land for many years. To illustrate his point he tells the following fine story.

"A widowed Chilean Salvationist lady earned her living as a public vanquisher. On duty she wore her nurse's uniform, at other times she dressed as a Salvationist and occupied herself with selling 'The War Cry,' visiting Converts and other Corps activities. Some one in authority took exception to her conspicuous loyalty to The Army, and tried to claim that as a public officer she had no right to wear The Army's Uniform.

"The Envoy insisted on her right to plan her own affairs when business hours were ended. She was later called to face her chief, and told that it could well be concluded that as an active Salvationist she would be likely to propagate Army doctrine and teaching while on her official rounds, and that she must choose between her employment and her religion. After prayerful consideration she decided to obey the dictates of conscience. It meant dismissal from her post, but God opened for her another door into greater usefulness."

"Returning from her 'unconsciousness,' the witch doctress begins to interpret what the demon said to her while in the trance. He revealed to her that he is the spirit of one who was killed in war by the ancestors of the sick person, and has taken possession of the woman to bring sickness and perhaps death, unless the relatives of the sick woman are able to gratify the demon and persuade him to leave her.

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### The Envoy who Insisted

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### Would They Take Food With Me?

"In one of The Army's Leprosy Colonies there was a patient who, more sensitive than the majority, was deeply distressed over the fact that his leprosy made him loathsome to others. The pain and isolation and 'mark of death' were terrible to him than the dread which other people had of contact with him. His unrest, however, was ended by the assurances given him by a woman Officer. She spoke of Heaven and how God the Father and Jesus His Son would welcome him there.

"'Would they take food with me?' asked the absorbed patient. 'Yes,' said the Officer.

"Did she wrong in replying as she did? Some might say that to speak of God as eating and drinking is to commit grave error. But if there is no other way of conveying the love of His love, is it not justifiable?"—A.J.G.

### Thick with God

"A story is told of two miners who went to hear a well-known Liverpool preacher. He had pronounced the benediction with that intense pathos of tone with which he was gifted above most men, and the congregation, subdued and silent, fled slowly down the aisles. The moment the two rough men reached the outer air, one gasped:

"'Well, what do yo' think of that?'

"'Eh, Bob,' came the heartfelt answer, 'but yo' man's thick wi' God!'

Women of East Africa who are yielding to the influence of The Army.

of his hut, surrounded by fifteen to twenty men. Young men are busy binding round cups of beer. The reason for this gathering is the illness of the wife of one of the men in the kraal. The cause of the illness has been discussed, the bones have been consulted, one of the superstitious practices among several South African tribes without result. Furthermore, prayers have been offered to the Amadhlodzis, the spirit of deceased relatives without any improvement in the poor woman's condition.

"The sound of singing and drum-beating breaks the silence again. This time the sick woman is possessed by evil spirits.

After some talk the men disperse and quietness again reigns in the kraal, but not for long. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the sound of singing and beating of many drums. The witch doctress, with her company of supporters, has arrived, and the ceremony has started. In one of the large huts the sick woman is lying on the bare floor. Squatting in different positions are seven or eight girls and women, who, when they notice us, make a still greater noise, some beating the drums, others clapping their hands, and all singing. The theme of their song is a request that the spirit shall depart from the sick person. The noise, which grows more frantic as the cere-

mony proceeds, is enough to drive the sufferer mad.

"Meanwhile, the witch doctress walks round and round the woman, from time to time touching her with the tail of a hyena, constantly smelling at it, to ascertain the character of the illness or what kind of spirit has taken possession of her.

"Suddenly the beating of drums ceases, the witch doctress having fallen into a trance and the spirit having moved from the invalid to the doctress, who now commences to speak in the voice of the demon.

"Returning from her 'unconsciousness,' the witch doctress begins to interpret what the demon said to her while in the trance. He revealed to her that he is the spirit of one who was killed in war by the ancestors of the sick person, and has taken possession of the woman to bring sickness and perhaps death, unless the relatives of the sick woman are able to gratify the demon and persuade him to leave her.

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### The Chief Secretary

It will be a great joy to all to know that the Chief Secretary continues to progress towards complete recovery; since his last surgical attention he has had no occasion to remark on any set-back. We shall see him around during the Congress Days, and he may confidently expect many expressions of affectionate esteem from those who have thought and prayed much for him.

### Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Taylor At Portage la Prairie

THE Field Secretary paid his farewell visit to Portage la Prairie on Sunday last, and put in some vigorous hours during the time of his stay in the City. Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, and Captain G. Habkirk and Lieutenant J. Nelson being present.

The Open-Air Meeting was well attended, and the Bandsmen and Singers, as also a goodly number of Soldiers responded happily to the leadership of Lieutenant Nelson in this event.

In the Citadel there was a regular battle for souls, and also a real spirit of thanksgiving, which was well in line with the fact that the Sunday was the Harvest Festival Celebration. All that took place was of an inviting character, including the items by the Band and Singers, and Captain Habkirk's appealing solo.

Colonel Taylor's words were greatly helpful, and took us in spirit back to those days when our Lord made His Own personal appeal to the men and women of His day. We are confident there were many with us who heard a fresh appeal—words as from Jesus Christ Himself—and who will heed the invitation which He so graciously extends to all.—J.N.

### Mrs. Colonel Miller And Some League of Mercy Farewells

THE Winnipeg members of the League of Mercy met on Friday last—the 28th ult.—to bid farewell to Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor, Mrs. Brigadier Smith, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, all of whom have been indefatigable in the service of the League.

We were glad to have Mrs. Wellard with us, and to hear her words of appreciation of our comrades, and we were also pleased to hear Brigadier Park speak in a similar manner. In the absence of Mrs. Commissioner Rich, who was unavoidably detained, Mrs. Colonel Miller—an ever-welcome comrade—led the Meeting.—E.A.

### Adjutant and Mrs. Talbot Arrive in Nigeria, West Africa

WRITING to the Field Secretary, Adjutant Talbot says: "Well, here we are at last, in this wonderful country and very anxious to commence our work; the Training Session begins in a few weeks from now, and we shall then be hard at work."

"You will be pleased to know that we had very pleasant voyages both from Canada and from England, and good weather and calm seas all the way.

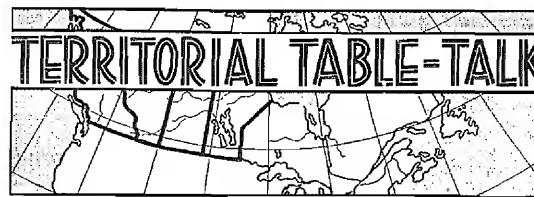
"Our Welcome Meetings, conducted by Colonel Souter, were well attended, and closed with a week-end series with thirty-six souls at the Cross. Mrs. Talbot and I were in charge of the Meetings at Lagos a few Sundays since, and we rejoiced to see five seekers."

"If first impressions count for anything we shall like the country fine. The people are a very good, happy lot, and we are looking forward to great times and the winning of many souls."

### A MARCHING CHORUS

Tune: "Call out The Army." Jesus is mighty to deliver, Mighty to save Is He. Mighty to snap the captive fetter, Mighty to set the prisoner free; Glory to God for His saving grace— The grace that found out me; Grace is all abounding, Sin and hell confounding, Mighty to save Is He.

—J.J.



Winnipeg, October 4th

### In Ancient Newfoundland

L.T.-COLONEL DICKERSON, Sub-Territorial Commander of Newfoundland, who was accompanied by the General Secretary, Major Walton, and Staff-Captain Cornick, has just returned from an extensive tour of the Notre Dame which lasted for three weeks, every day and every night being put in at some Corps in the Northern part of the Sub-Territory.

At every place visited the utmost Salvation enthusiasm was exhibited, and especially interest was evinced in the Colonel's description of our warfare in South Africa. (Nothing is said about Canada West; we presume that is another Lecture.—Ed.)

The visit to Moreton's Harbour was marked by a touching incident, when Staff-Captain Cornick's aged mother was among those who came forward to the Mercy-Seat.

Since Adjutant Marsland's return from Central America he has been under close medical attention, and has now been obliged to enter hospital for an operation of some seriousness. The Grace Hospital authorities report that he is doing as well as can be expected.

In common with most folks within our ranks in the Territory we are greatly interested in the Field changes which are in the air. We hope to be able to announce the complete list in our next issue. In the meantime we express our hearty good-will towards those whose names appear in this week's Gazette.

The British "Cry" announces that Ensign and Mrs. Karl Knott, who have spent several years in Missionary Service, are now on furlough in the Old Land. The Ensign is the son of our well esteemed former Chief Secretary, Colonel Knott, and, of course, brother to Adjutant Knott, the energetic Superintendent of Calgary Grace Hospital.

There was the biggest thrill on Tuesday night last when we came down from the Editorial attitudes and saw the Centenary Cadets stepping it along Portage Avenue, and heard their song: "From the uttermost to the uttermost—mighty to save." They looked a smart brigade, but they'll look smarter yet.

## NEW CORPS IN ALASKA

A Gracious Awakening In Connection with the Opening of Tenakee Springs



TENAKEE SPRINGS is a thriving little town along the Coastlands of Alaska, and came into prominence a few years ago because of the discovery of a very remarkable hot spring in the neighbourhood. The population is partly white and partly Native. Many who are troubled with rheumatic and kindred ills come bitter for bathing in the healing waters.

Some months ago the Natives of the district were strangely stirred by the reports of the soul-saving work of The Army in other Native villages, and sent a request to Major Car-

ruthers, the Divisional Commander for Alaska, to visit their neighbourhood and hold some Meetings.

Quick to take advantage of such an invitation, the Major arranged with the comrades of the Juneau Corps to make the trip, and Envoy Jackson with other Soldiers of that centre headed the call, and spent two weeks in the village conducting Salvation Meetings.

Wonderful and speedy were the results. Twenty-five were converted and signified their desire to become Soldiers of The Army, and it has now

been arranged for Envoy Jackson to take up his residence at Tenakee Springs, and have charge of our operations. The Envoy is standing to the right in the above illustration.

To date twenty-one Soldiers have been fully enrolled, and many of them are getting into uniform. A Flag has been requisitioned and a drum secured. (Note the order.—Ed.) This is entirely new ground, no other Church had any work in the neighborhood. A strong delegation is getting ready for the Annual Divisional Congress. To God be the glory.

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Founder William Booth  
General Bramwell Booth

Canada West and Alaska  
International Headquarters  
London, England

Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich.  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Vancouver, British Columbia.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, Lt.-Colonel Jor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Vancouver, Port Arthur, The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Lansdowne Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

## PROMOTION—

To be Lieut.-Colonel:  
Brigadier Bramwell Taylor.

To be Ensign:  
Captain Olaf Halvorsen, Port Arthur Men's Social.

## APPOINTMENTS—

Adjutant Jessie Reader and Captain Isa McDowell transferred to Regina Citadel, Ensign and Mrs. David Ken from South Vancouver (No. V), to Brumwell.

Ensign Olaf Halvorsen, from St. Paul to Port Arthur Men's Social Dept.

Captain Max Taylor, from North Vancouver (No. V), to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieutenant Nellie Amos from North Vancouver to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieutenant Elsie Smith from Innisfail to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieutenant Howard Mack from Fernie to Victoria Men's Social Department.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lieut.-Commissioner.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Merritt  
Say Goodbye to Alberta

The final farewell of our Divisional Commanders, Staff Captain and Mrs. Merritt, took place in the Edmonton I Citadel on Friday evening where all Corps and Officers of the city united for this occasion. The Staff-Captain as well as Mrs. Merritt were well supported by the Social, Corps, and Subscribers Officers of the city.

When the Staff-Captain rose to speak he was greeted with a hearty applause which goes to show the high esteem in which he is held. He had just returned from a strenuous tour through the Division and was able to report victory all along the line. He told us of the new buildings which have just been erected in Grande Prairie and Macleod, giving God the praise and glory for these accomplishments. Before resuming his seat he thanked the Officers and Soldiers for their co-operation and faithfulness and urged them to be true to God and keep the Flag flying high.

After several other Officers had spoken wishing them God's speed in their new appointment, Mrs. Merritt was then called upon and spoke very feelingly of the pleasure she had had of working in their midst, following which Captain and Mrs. Stobhart of Edmonton II favored us with a duet entitled "By the Pathway of Duty."

While feeling sad at the farewell of our Divisional Commander and his good wife our hearts were made glad when a young girl and a man volunteered to the Penitent-Form, thus saying farewell to sin.

Special mention should be made of the untiring faithful service which Victor has rendered in connection with the No. III Corps. Billy will also be missed from his place in the Juniors.

While we shall miss them here, our loss will be someone else's gain, and we pray that God will abundantly bless them in their new appointment.

—E.S.E.O.

There is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

The General Gives Thanks  
"For Every Faithful Effort"

## A LETTER TO THE CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF

Founder,  
William Booth

International Headquarters,  
London, E.C.4



My dear Chie, I am very anxious to thank you & friends & Comrades every where for the expressions of affection and for the news of their continual faithful fighting wh: have reached me from all parts of the world. Do thank them for me for every blow struck for my faithful effort made to spread the spirit of the Army & to make known the power of Jesus Christ to save & to sanctify. It is a joy that my sickness need not hinder any one else in the fight.

I rejoice & glory God is recalling all the activities of our beloved Army up & down the world and as you know the Lord has been pleased to make His power manifest in the last year or two both in the East & the West in a wonderful fashion. India & Japan wh: are now in my mind our my heart have marvelous victories to show victories for the Salvation of God among many of the most wretched of the whole world. Glory be to God!! Assuring you also of my deep gratitude for all your own till in these days I am your affectionately,

B. Bramwell Booth.

September 17, 1928.

## Mrs. General Booth

Presides Over Important C. Women's Social Off.

A GRACIOUSLY high spiritual helpfulness was attained in connection with gatherings at Swanwick (Derby) the British "Cry," when Mrs. dueted the Annual Council Officers of the Women's Soc. Following the four in months of watchful care which she has given the General, it was a great joy to take her place on the platform was especially fitting that her counsel should be given, on the of her return to the active service she loves, to the Officers of the Army activity which must be as her life-work, one that organized and in which she so laboured and for so long a time the Women's Social Service.

The Council was unique in Booth and her daughter, Co. Catherine, who now has charge of the Army effort, labouring in the quiet, convincing logic of her arguments done-telling perfectly with the practical utterances of her daughter. She is a mother and daughter complement the one of the Women's Social Work is fortunate in having the affectionate interest one and the efficient leaders other.

The report concerning the General was gratifying to those present and the fact Booth had found it possible to sit at this time was even more impressive. His loving greetings to Officers, whose work, said to be regarded as a work of succour, gave rise to a demonstration of affectionate loyalty.

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp was President of the Women's Auxiliary Force, a League which, yet almost in its infancy, is valuable aid to the Women's S.

## Commsr. Mrs. Booth-H.

Is Centre of Enthusiasm C. in Cape Town and Johannesburg.

FROM the moment when Cape Town, hundreds of Salvation Army friends, including the Mayor, attended our esteemed the docks and, later on, escorting procession, amid the cheers of through the city of Cape Town the moment of her great Johannesburg, when over three thousand people listened with interest her moving story of the Founder Mrs. Booth-Helberg capturing all hearts.

Cape Town's Mayor received a public welcome was most cordial tributes being paid to the Force to the work of The Army in the Our visitor's eloquent response deep impression.

The Sunday in the Territory was a wonderful day of influences. Three great public a monster native Open-Air, air were held, and over one hundred were registered. Salvationists, foundy grateful to the General, his sister as his representative, while Territory is moved to earnestly than ever for his return.

The Bantu Social Centre by native Salvationists and others in the afternoon, when the Commissioner spoke of the Founder's, the and her own love for the native.

During the European march Saturday afternoon the crowd thronged the saluting base for speech, and the people were the Commissioner's stirring a great reception was also given. Soldiers' Meeting. The Commissioner to the Officers will long be remembered. Faith runs high for Mashona Congress.—H. G. C.

## A GREEN MEMORY

The entrance to Kalgoorlie, West Australia, is shaded by a cent tree planted by the Founder his visit in 1905.

**Mrs. General Booth**

Presides Over Important Councils of Women's Social Officers

A GRACIOUSLY high standard of spirituality, helpfulness and blessing was attained in connection with the recent gatherings at Swarwick (Derbyshire), says the British Army, when Mrs. Booth conducted the Annual Council with 369 Officers of the Women's Social Work. Following the four months of anxious and watchful care which she had devoted to the General, it was a great joy to Mrs. Booth that she was once again entitled to take her place on the platform, and it was especially fitting that her soulful counsel should be given to the members of her section to the active service which she loves, to the Officers of that section of Army activity which must be regarded as her life-work, one that she herself organized and in which she so successfully laboured and for so long—that of our Women's Social Service.

The Council was unique in that Mrs. Booth and her daughter, Commissioner Catherine, who now has charge of this branch of Army effort, laboured together, the quiet, convincing logic of Mrs. Booth's arguments dovetailing perfectly all the while with the practical soul-probing utterances of her daughter. Surely, rarely are mother and daughter so fully the complement one of the other! The Women's Social Work is fortunate indeed in having the affectionate interest of the one and the efficient leadership of the other.

The report concerning the health of the General was gratifying to every comrade present, and the fact that Mrs. Booth had found it possible to leave his side at this time was even more convincing. His loving greetings to the Social Officers, whose work, said Mrs. Booth, he regarded as a work of Salvation and of succour, gave rise to a demonstration of affectionate loyalty.

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp was present as President of the Women's Social Auxiliary Force, a League which, while yet almost in its infancy, is proving a valuable aid to the Women's Social Work in Great Britain.

**Commsr. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg**

Is Centre of Enthusiastic Gatherings in Cape Town and Johannesburg

FROM the moment when, at Cape Town, hundreds of Salvationists and friends, including the Mayoress, affectionately received our esteemed visitor at the docks and, later on, escorted her in procession, amid the cheers of onlookers, through the city of Cape Town, up to the moment of her great Meeting in Johannesburg, when over three thousand people listened with intense interest to her moving story of the Founder, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg has been capturing all hearts.

Cape Town's Mayoral reception and public welcome was most cordial, striking tributes being paid to the Founder and to the work of The Army in this country. Our visitor's eloquent response made a deep impression.

The Sunday in the Territorial Centre was a wonderful day of blessed influences. Three great public gatherings, a monster native Open-Air, and a march were held, and over one hundred secessions were registered. Salvationists are profoundly grateful to the General for sending his sister as his representative. The whole Territory is moved to pray more earnestly than ever for his complete recovery.

The Bantu Social Centre was packed by native Salvationists and other natives in the afternoon, when the Commissioner spoke of the Founder's, the General's, and her own love for the native peoples.

During the European march-past on the Saturday afternoon the crowd which thronged the saluting base demanded a speech, and the people were moved by the Commissioner's stirring address. A great reception was also given her in the Soldiers' Meeting. The Commissioner's words to the Officers will long be remembered. Faith runs high for the great Mashona Congress.—H. G. Carter, Major.

**A GREEN MEMORY**

The entrance to Kalgoorlie Citadel, West Australia, is shaded by a magnificent tree planted by the Founder during his visit in 1905.

**The Commissioner in Vancouver****A "Campaign" Week-end and Welcome to the New Divisional Commander**

THE Commissioner is always a welcome visitor to Vancouver, and this Meeting of the past week-end has been ample evidence of the fact that his latest visit is quite in line with any that have gone before. Of course, it has not been so demonstrative from a public stand-point for truth to tell, his words and purpose have been directed to ourselves rather than to those without.

It is no news to your readers to hear that an intensive Campaign is now going forward in this City in connection with the financial consolidation of Grace Hospital and its kindred activities. There are few amongst us who bisgrave any association with this Campaign, for already we are realising the beneficial work which is progressing at the Hospital. We are also feeling the benefits of the same in a keener realisation by our townsfolk of the inner purpose of The Army.

**The Street Message of our Faith**  
We have long proclaimed the street messages of our faith—that salvation is for all—salvation from sin: now it is becoming more and more a known fact in our midst that The Army's message of Salvation is not only for a future life, but pertains to the circumstances of our everyday life, social as well as spiritual.

The Commissioner's heart-to-heart talk in his Sunday morning Meeting at the Citadel was full of good things for our present needs. Immediately we grasped the simplicity of his message, and realised that the Captain of our Salvation has in mind all the difficulties and temptations of our present-day experiences. Our hearts were uplifted and our faith renewed.

The afternoon demonstration took on the character of a real Army Family Gathering, for troops from all parts of the city added to the representativeness of the event. In this Meeting the Commissioner was well supported by Lt.-Colonel Payne, Major Hablirik, Envoy Alward and others who are in the throes of the "Drive" plans.

Our Leader's earnest appeals for cooperation in the event now facing us were met with outspoken responses from the City Officers, including Adjutant Cubitt, Adjutant Sharp, Ensign Thistleton, and Captain Morrison; so it is evident it is a case of "all hands on deck."

Carried forward by the enthusiasm of the afternoon the night Meeting was a

Meeting did hot voice the sentiments many of us would have liked to express for ourselves; all we could do was to let steam by our "Amen" or clapping—according to our standards.

Mrs. Merritt's address, full of humility but showing a keen realisation of her responsibilities, touched us all; the Divisional Commander's own speech was well in keeping with those high ideals which we have been led to associate with his life and work.

It was with a sense of hearty and comradeship coneration that we joined in Lt.-Colonel Phillips' prayer of dedication with which the Meeting closed.—G.A.

**WINNIPEG GRACE HOSPITAL****THE GRADUATION EXERCISES**

of the 1928 Graduating Class at

YOUNG CHURCH. .... FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th at 8 p.m.

**COLONEL MARY BOOTH**

will speak

**The Last Moments of Commissioner Eadie**

As described by Mrs. Eadie

WE ARE greatly favored in receiving from Colonel John Noble, of Toronto, the following extract from a letter received by him from Mrs. Commissioner Eadie; we feel sure that our readers will be thrilled with this choice story of the passing of a noble warrior.

"The Commissioner's passing was very much unexpected. It was very beautiful. I could not believe him dead. He just looked asleep, sitting in his chair with his hands clasped, he himself had never known of his passing and of the pain of parting, but I know he would have a glorious entrance through the gates into the City of God. A multitude would be there to give him a welcome, and, best of all, he would have the Heavenly Father's 'Well Done'.

"He was truly a good man and a great man, so noble and thorough and trans-

parent in all his dealings, a true builder of the Kingdom of God. I have found all his papers just like his life, all in order and ready. He lies in a beautiful little cemetery surrounded by the hills he loved so well, just as he desired should be. To me all seems very desolate and dead without him, but I shall follow on, will not be long. We looked forward with such joy to the children and grand children coming to see us, and that seemed the one thing the Lord denied him for some wise purpose.

"The night of his passing he was just sitting looking out on the beautiful hills and bay in glorious sunset, speaking to a friend of the goodness of God and all the way He had led him through life and at last bringing us to this quiet haven. There was a pause in the conversation, the friend looked up, saw his eyes set, and looking pale, went to him and asked

**The Chief of the Staff**

Conducts 9th Czechoslovakia Congress

IT matters not where one goes, east or west, north or south. The Army spirit is the same. Climate, time, custom, nor tongue can make any difference to its glad manifestations. In Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, it has expressed itself in a lively and one way during the ninth Annual Congress, which will probably be remembered as the joy Congress—for this spirit has predominated throughout.

The presence of the Chief of the Staff as this year's leader on what is still comparatively a new field of Army activity has given immense pleasure and satisfaction to Lieut.-Commissioner Friedlich, the Territorial Leader, and his devoted comrades, who have put up many and varied odds.

From the onset the Chief's geniality and brotherliness won him a sure place in their affection; he opened his heart to them and they to him, the result being a gathering of uplifting power and usefulness.

With that true understanding of the needs of this difficult battle-field, the Chief spoke of the importance of keeping alive The Army spirit of which the Founder was the embodiment—and, if might be added, the Chief himself was a living and inspiring example of his talk. His commendation of these comrades' sacrifice and toil, and his praise for what the past has witnessed, were much valued.

The Congress Campaign has been waged with intense desire and enthusiasm. Beautiful sunshine weather favoured the vigorous Open-Air attacks waged at different points of the city, fine crowds being attracted, especially in the afternoon at the Huss Square.

For the indoor gatherings the magnificent Spolana Hall proved an admirably suitable rendezvous. Here gathered a large and influential audience to hear of The Army's globe-encircling operations. The Chief held his listeners fascinated as he spoke in glowing language of the triumphs won under the flag.

Some remarkable cases were registered, making in all the gratifying total of 125 for the week-end.—Ed. Tucker, Major.

**Commsr. and Mrs. Whatmore**

Following on their Congress engagements in Toronto, Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore are expected to pass through the Territory en route for Australia; it will be remembered that the Commissioner is the Territorial Commander for Australia South, and has recently been conferring with our International Leader in London.

Unfortunately the Commissioner's travelling arrangements are not likely to allow of his undertaking any public engagements in Canada West, but his many old-time and later-day comrades, indeed, all Salvationists generally, will wish him and Mrs. Whatmore God-speed on their long journey.

**An Immigration Item**

IT was recently announced in the British House of Commons that out of ten Societies acting with the Home Government in Emigration matters a total of 23,391 individuals had proceeded overseas as a result of special facilities offered by the Government.

"War Cry" readers will, however, be interested in the statement that more than a third of this number had sailed under the auspices of The Salvation Army; the exact figure for the two years named being 8,730.

**He had Heard the Story so Often**

DURING one of his recent journeys Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie, of China, met a man who was unable to read or write but who recited the whole of the story of the rich man and Lazarus. It appears that he had been to various Army Meetings and had heard the story read more than once. He assured the Commissioner that he was going up to Heaven to meet Lazarus!

If he were feeling ill, but his dear spirit had already gone to God. It was a translation.

## AND SO THE WHEELS GO ROUND



SO many and varied are the services of The Army, touching the national life at every turn and yet bringing joy and stability into domestic affairs, that we are more and more constrained to thank God for the opportunities that come to us day by day.

A few moments since we passed on the busy thoroughfare of Winnipeg a young fellow, selling his papers and thereby continuing to gain an honest livelihood, who, but for the thoughtfulness of one or two comrades at Headquarters, would not be able so to do. Fitted up with a mechanical tricycle, he now trundles the streets of the city in safety and comfort, whereas he might have had to remain in some institution, a care to the taxpayer and a burden to himself. It is small wonder that William Ward looks gratefully on every Salvationist who passes him, even though most of them know nothing of the Commissioner's action in the matter.

## Anxiety Turned to Relief

Now there comes to us a similar story from Edmonton, where anxiety has been turned almost to positive happiness; at least to some degree of relief.

Donald Hood, the son of a veteran of the great war who passed away after returning to Edmonton, contracted infantile paralysis during the epidemic last year and is still unable to use his legs. The mother's energies are taxed to make ends meet and Donald seemed doomed to spend his days motionless in the house, since a wheel chair was beyond their means.

Telling the story briefly in the Edmonton papers and asking for donations to purchase such a chair, Adjutant Stewart collected \$45 within eighteen hours after the story appeared. This is not quite enough for a good chair, but Blowey Henry company did their share and now the paralyzed boy can travel about wherever he pleases.

Be it noted, we do not tell these two tales in this fashion because "our trumpet is dead"; we do not set them in this guise so that they may be regarded as another sort of appeal; we relate the stories because two young men are not altogether content that gratitude shall go unrecorded.

## JOYOUS SOUL-SAVING TIMES

Edmonton Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. Huband.) We have been having joyous times here, and are happy to report six seekers during last Sunday. One of them was a man, once a Christian, who had been under conviction for some time. His pal, who was beside him, also came to the Penitent Form, and afterwards testified that God had forgiven him, and said that he was going on in God's strength to do what is right. Praise God for these victories.—E.O.

Lord, may the shining of Thy face Dispel our sin and care; May souls be born again through grace And saved from dark despair; We wait within the sacred place, • Wilt Thou not hear our prayer?

## In the Presence of God Who Searches All Hearts

## WEDDING OF CAPTAIN ARTHUR CARTMELL AND CAPTAIN VIOLET EBY AT CAMROSE

ALTHOUGH we are somewhat belated in our report of the event we are happy to say that the wedding of Captains Arthur Cartmell and Violet Eby partook of all the characteristics of an Army Wedding. The Corps at Camrose was on feet for the occasion, which was only natural as it was the first happening of its character to take place in the town.

Staff-Captain Merritt conducted the ceremony with the happy yet reverent comradeship which one would expect, and the whole service partook of that nature, right from the first moments when the Bridal Party entered the Hall.

Captain Grace Eby of Penticton was with her sister, and Captain Lesher of Macleod, a former Garrison colleague, was with Captain Cartmell. Both of these Officers had an opportunity of expressing their good will towards the principals of the evening and of giving voice to the general hope that the wedding was another mark in their work for God.

The duet, "Are you satisfied with Jesus?" was rendered by Captain Langford, and Lieutenant Kinney, of Wetaskiwin, was quite in tune with the brightness of the evening, and we must also place on record the delightful services rendered by our good friend, Adm. Deidrickson-Hoyne, who helped us greatly in musical items.

Camrose is the home Corps of Mrs. Cartmell, which she left in 1921, being a member of the "Overcomers" Session. In 1927 he was commissioned Sergeant, and the following year took his first appointment as Captain at Kelowna, where he is now joined by Mrs. Cartmell.

Captain Cartmell, who entered the Garrison in 1926, was a member of the "Overcomers" Session. In 1927 he was commissioned Sergeant, and the following year took his first appointment as Captain at Kelowna, where he is now joined by Mrs. Cartmell.

Camrose is the home Corps of Mrs. Cartmell, which she left in 1921, being a member of the "Overcomers" Session. Her appointments as Lieutenant include Stettler, Vermilion, Penticton, Chilcotin and Trail, and a term at the Calgary Children's Home. She has also been in command at Biggar and Swan River, and assistant at New Westminster.



Left to right: Captain and Mrs. Cartmell; Capt. Lesher and Capt. Grace Eby

## THE CADETS WELCOME

Fort Rouge (Captain Reed and Lieut. Gordon.) For the first time in nearly four years we have welcomed a Brigade of Cadets to our Corps, and feel that, under the guidance of Sergeant Fraser, they will be an influence for good in this district.

In the Holmes' Meeting on their Welcome Sunday one young girl knelt at the Mercy-Seat. At night Adjutant Davies was a very welcome visitor, her helpful words touching many hearts. The Meeting concluded with a Hallelujah wind-up. —

## KAMLOOPS CAMPAIGN

Kamloops (Captain Wilson and Lieut. Murray.) We are believing for victory during the Centenary Call Campaign; since its commencement three seekers have been registered here. Hallelujah! One young man boldly attended the Open-Air Meeting, and there testified to the change in his life. This gladdened our hearts. We have been sorry to say good-bye to Y.P.S.-M. Deirks and his wife, who have gone to Saskatoon. We feel, however, that they will be used of God there, as they have been with us.—O. & V.

The words of Captain and Mrs. Cartmell were just those which we should have expected from two such upstanding Salvationists. They affirmed their belief that their marriage was in God's will for them, and that they desired above all else to win souls for His Kingdom.

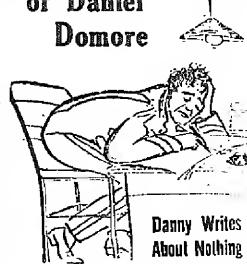
We cannot conclude this brief report without reference to the hearty hospitality rendered to a large company of comrades and friends by the parents of the bride; it served to round off in an exceedingly happy manner what had been most striking ceremony.—J.E.

\* \* \*

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## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Suite A1 Styremup Mansions  
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Mr. Editor:

One of the hardest things in life is to have to sit down and write a letter about nothing. I have heard of an Officer who once preached on that subject, and the address was quite up to the tide, but I must confess that I find mine a difficult task to-day. For one thing, I am not feeling well—everything seems to have gone wrong, and what hasn't gone wrong, hasn't happened at all.

There is no movement in the Camp at all, neither ups nor downs. I've phoned through to Brigadier Smith, the Publ.-her, you know, and he is nearly as despondent as I am about the matter. In fact, he says it's about time he got off to Regina, so that that Division can get a move on in the matter of "Cry" circulation. Let's hope it will.

Then the folks at the Training Garrison are obstinately silent about their "Cry" sales; I cannot get any reply to my enquiries, and when I phone them they are either out, or gone to lunch. There's all those dear "More than Victors" hanging around, and not a "Cry" to read or sell unless you have information that you have not passed on to me.

I am in no mood for the Congress I had planned in my own mind a triumphant Brigade of "War Cry" sellers lining the streets and shouting their wares and "fire-works" for the Visitors, but no, the "earth is plunged into utter silence." It is slowly dawning on me that we need another Editor, somebody who will put some pep into the paper, and some attractive frontispieces not the sort that some boomers if there are any left— are ashamed to plank down on to a customer's counter. (Take no notice of him, Mr. Editor, he's a bit out of sorts today, he'll be better soon.)

That's it, she always comes along and makes me feel ashamed of myself. I suppose the fault is in me, and I'd better get out and serve my own customers.

Merry Mts., Ont.

Dear Mr. Domore:

Why don't you go and see the Editor sometimes instead of spending so much time writing him? You both live in Winnipeg, and you could get some very good things out of him better if you talked them out. However, you know your own mind best. I am sure your readers try to enter into your feelings.

I would like to give you a little encouragement, for really you are one of the most cheerful complainers I ever knew. It is too bad about your sales, and I've made up my mind to take two copies every week.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. Domore, I would much like to meet her, and maybe when I come up to the Congress you will introduce me to her, or, would it be convenient for me to call at your quarters?

Yours very sincerely,

A. Good Friday

And that's that. You can get the most of a letter by reading the last bit. So here's going out to sell my own "Cry." I'm going to do some booting on Portage, just to shock some of the comrades of our Corps.

Yours in the firing-line,

Daniel Domore—Env.

Tune: "Give me a faith triumphant!"  
Fully trusting in the battle's fray,  
Fully trusting Jesus all the way,  
Fully trusting—this the surest stay,  
Trusting alone in Jesus.



## Our Occasion

## "Easy Come,

I read the other day years ago, won what time in a sweepstakes going an examination. He had managed to get through, many in the two years of his case of "easy come."

There is an old saying, "Clogs to clogs in What does it mean? Clogs used to working man, and now

Their sons, born in comparative poverty, spending money in the towns. They had in their youth, had it were often good business father's late-acquired more.

But what of their especially if they had very wise mother, the and still further increased fortunes. Quite often were encouraged to great lives, had only receive, never knew the ship or the discipline

## "Clog to

Thus, they grew to badly equipped for business, but often too used to care to do so, even into their hands, they themselves return "clogs." Never having their riches, they were

I remember reading the story of two dogs in the backwoods, in the city, as a puppy, disgusted, two years turned to the wild, his own dog was soft other dog was coarse.

Then the story went two owners changed woodsmen took the son man took the courage years passed, and the become a resourceful hearted fellow had his milk!

There is often a great disadvantage. In it may have been true who were unable their unfavorable environment their shining talents, however, there is one to say today that handicap has prevented the prize.

The reverse is more in the severely handicapped in these strenuous times count for more than mere money for less, businesses have been started capital.

Deliberations  
Daniel Domore

Danny Writes About Nothing

Suite A1 Styrenup Mansions  
Winnipeg, Man.

Editor—  
The hardest things in life are to sit down and write a letter about what I have heard of an Officer who reached me on that subject, and the task was quite up to the title, but I confess that I find mine a difficult day. For one thing, I can not do well—everything seems to have gone, and what hasn't gone wrong, happened at all.

There is no movement in the Camp at the top of the down. I've phoned to Brigadier Smith, the Publisher, and he is nearly as despondent about the matter. In fact, he at the time he got off to Reichenbach that Division can get a move on out of "Cry" circulation. Let's wait.

The folks at the Training Garrison are mostly silent about their "Cry"—cannot get any reply to me—and when phone they are either gone to lunch. There's all those "Visitors" hanging around, a "Cry" to read or sell, unless information that you have not on to me.

I am in no mood for the Congress, summoned in my own mind a trumpet-made of "War Cry" sellers lining up, and shouting their wares, and "sellers" for the "Visitors," but mostly plumped into utter silence, with no one telling me that we need Ed or somebody who will run into the paper, and some of the contestants, not the "com-bombers," if there are any left, have to plumb down on to a "Cry's" counter. *"Take no notice of Ed, he's a bit out of sorts, he will be better soon."*

Ed always comes along, and I am ashamed of myself. The fault is in me and I'd better and serve my own customers.

—*Movie Mrs. Om*

Mr. Domore:  
I don't you go and see the *Editor*—  
and instead of spending so much time writing him? You both work hard, and you could certainly do better things, even so much better, if you wrote them out. However, you raise a good point and best. I am sure you would like to enter into your *Editor*—  
and you could certainly do better things, even so much better, if you wrote them out. However, you raise a good point and best. I am sure you would like to enter into your *Editor*—

—*Mr. Moody:*  
I would much like to meet you, and maybe when I come up to express you will introduce us, and I would be convenient to you, at your quarters?

A Good Friend:  
That's that. You can generally most of a letter by reading the *Editor*. So here's going out to say, "Cry's" I'm going to do some Portage, just to shock some comrades of our Corps.

Yours in the firing-line,  
Daniel Domore—Env.

Give me a faith triumphant—  
lasting in the battle's fray;  
lasting Jesus all the way,  
lasting—this the surest stay,  
lasting alone in Jesus.



## Our Occasional Talk

## "Easy Come, Easy Go!"

I read the other day of a man who, two years ago, won what amounted to a fortune in a sweepstake. He was undergoing an examination for bankruptcy. He had managed to spend, or, at least, to get through many thousands of pounds in the two years of his affluence. It was a case of "easy come, easy go."

There is an old saying in Lancashire: "Clogs to clothe in three generations." What does it mean? Much the same thing. Clogs used to be the mark of the working man, and many such men, in the palmy days of cotton, rose to affluence.

Their sons, born mostly in the days of comparative poverty, kept short of spending money in their younger days, were the wealthy and influential men of the towns. They had known hardship in their youth, had learned self-control, were often good business men, and to their father's late-acquired wealth they added more.

But what of their sons? Sometimes, especially if they happened to have a very wise mother, the turned out well and still further increased the family fortunes. Quite often, however, they were encouraged to live easy, self-indulgent lives, had only to ask in order to receive, never knew the meaning of hardship or the discipline of hard work.

## "Clug to Clug"

Thus, they grew to manhood, not only badly equipped for carrying on the business, but often too unstable of character even to care to do so. When the business came into their hands, it fell to ruin, and they thenceforth returned to poverty and "clogs." Never having had to work for their riches, they were incapable of keeping them.

I remember reading when I was a boy, the story of two dogs. Both were born in the backwoods, but one was taken to the city as a puppy. Its owner was disgusted, two years later, when he returned to the wild, to find that, whilst his own dog was soft and cowardly, the other dog was as courageous as a lion.

Then the story went on to say that the two owners chanced dogs. The backwoodsman took the soft dog, and the city man took the courageous one. Two more years passed, and the pampered pet had become a resolute dog, and the home-hearted fellow had become as mild as milk!

There is often a great deal of advantage in disadvantage. In less favoured times it may have been true that there were some who were unable to emerge from their unfavorable environment and make their shining talent known. But, speaking generally, there is little excuse for anyone to say today that the severity of his handicap has prevented him from winning the prize.

The reverse is more often true. It is the severely handicapped man who wins in these strenuous times, when brains count for more than they ever did, and mere money for less. Some of the biggest businesses in the world at the present time have been started on the smallest capital.

FOR some time I fought shy of my concertina. Such an unpretentious instrument had no appeal for me. But when I first became acquainted with its possibilities, I soon learned that it represented something more than whistle and wheeze.

My own instrument possesses a personality, which I have discovered during the years in which it has been my constant companion. Its potentialities were revealed to me at a lonely west-coast town, when, after having conducted my meeting, I would seek the solitude of the night-bound cliffs in order to "untwist the chain that ties the hidden soul of harmony." In those circumstances my concertina became consecrated to the service of the Kingdom. A Humble "Box of Whistles"

My concertina assumes its highest importance when I regard it as the medium of contact between other men and myself. I lay to the credit of this humble "box of whistles" the many opportunities which have come to me for influencing my fellow-men. Apart from its general use on the platform and in meetings, it has accompanied me in more unconventional moulds, into public houses bars and prisons. In cottages and at wayside railway stations, in season and out of season, it has captured the attention of indolent minds, speaking its own message, and giving me the necessary introduction for a further and more direct appeal. Herein lies its value.

The power of the concertina to provoke singing has sometimes surprised me. When, during my visits to the Men's Social Institutions, I see a crowd of men swaying to the rhythm of an old song until it finds spontaneous expression on the lips, I am rewarded for my past efforts in the mystery of my little instrument. So powerful has been its appeal that on our occasion, at the conclusion

of a meeting during which my concertina bore testimony, I came across an ancient butt-end of humanity breaking lustily in the gloomy precincts of the Blackfriars Shelter, and his theme was "Land of Hope and Glory."

The associated experiences of myself and my concertina have provided me with countless interesting memories. I recall a scene within the grey walls of a London prison, in which my faithful instrument played the leading role. It was my first experience of the kind. I had been given the opportunity of addressing a group of my less-fortunate brothers. They were gathered together in a room which had one bare the dreaded words: "Condemned Cell." As I looked at these men, I thought, "Who can catalogue the hopes and fears and despairs of such souls?" My words became inadequate—they were but tantalizing phrases. And so I let my concertina speak. My audience clearly understood this language. Silent tears slid over sun-grooved faces, while the rise and fall of the air told its story.

## An Intangible Utterance

On two occasions my concertina and I visited the Broadmead Criminal Lunatic Asylum. Together we faced one of the strangest assemblages of mortals to be found. Surely there must be a message of hope even for such as these; and, once again, the intangible utterance of music brought forth a response that could be felt.

I believe my concertina recognises its mission. It certainly fulfils it. Down among the delict men, in the market-place, along the prison terrace, into the aching desolation of the prison-cell, in the slum, from the seamy-side to the seamy-side, my concertina has distinguished itself, sharing and collaborating with me in all its adventures.

It is of the lineage of David's harp!

—*All the World*

## Sister D. O. Asilke

A Few Comments on Her Attire  
The Salvation Army "Orders and Regulations" for Songster Brigades clearly states that "Songsters will wear full regulation uniform, with the addition of the Special Songster's Badge sewn on the left breast of Tunic or Jacket."

It is difficult to understand how any man can misread this, and no stretch of the imagination can fathom the mentality of Sister D. O. Asilke who sallies forth in such questionable splendour as the artist depicts in this cartoon.

Yet as sure as the sun shines in a Sabbath morn, ladies' adorned in this manner can be seen wending their way to the Open-Air.

The Bonnet carefully perched at an angle of forty-five degrees, a crepe de Chine blouse, held together by a sparkling specimen of cheap common jewellery, a pleated skirt, and the whole apparition finally dissolving into a pair of carefully polished patent shoes.

No wonder this is too bad; it is opposed to the spirit and letter of the Regulations, and not only demonstrates the worldly spirit of the wearer, but brings discredit on the Brigade to which she is attached. Even if one cannot afford the full regulation uniform, there are plenty of clothes that can be selected to tone down to The Army's standard of simplicity. No Songster should come on duty dressed other than in uniform. This practice is to be deprecated both by Bandmen and Songsters, for the Regulations clearly state in section 14, par. 2, that "When coming on duty direct from daily employment, Songsters should make arrangements before hand to leave their uniform at the Hall, or some house near the Open-Air Stand."

This should not be a difficult matter, and we strongly advise all concerned to carry out this regulation as it is calculated to work out best for the Brigade in particular and The Army in general every time.

Let the delinquents study the picture carefully, and surely they will conclude that to be so arrayed is as foolish as it is detrimental to the cause for which they are laboring.

## Who Invented Music?

There are many curious legends concerning the origin of music, which the Hindus attribute to divine agency. A miraculous bird is said to have provided it. Chinese with the musical scale, whilst the Japanese say that music was devised by the gods to lure the sun-goddess from a cave where she had retired.

From Arabia comes an amusing legend that Modhar, the camel-driver, fell from his seat and hurt his arm. In his pain he called out, "Ja," "Jolah." His fine voice stirred up the camels so that they moved more quickly—and from that time all camel-drivers sang.

## "That Men May See"

LET your light so shine before men," said Jesus, "that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, who is in heaven." We think it no small part of our daily duty as followers of our Lord so to live our lives that we may actually put His saying into effect. It is just as possible for us to radiate the glory of God, as to make the world feel that we belong entirely to the Evil One.

What an entrancing story is told by President Wilson in the first volume of his recently issued "Life and Letters." It is the tale of his first contact with Dwight L. Moody, and it is as follows:

"I was sitting in a very plebian place. I was in a barber's shop, sitting in a chair, when I became aware that a person had entered the room. A man had come quietly in on the same errand as myself and sat in the chair next to me. Every word that he uttered, though it was not in the least didactic, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him; and before I got through with what was being done to me, I was aware that I had attended an evangelistic service, because Mr. Moody was in the next chair. I purposely lingered in the room after he left, and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name, but they knew that something had elevated their thought. And I felt that I left that place as I should have left a place of worship."

We cannot all be Dwight L. Moodys, but can any man limit the power of God with any one of us?

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.



### Harvest Thanksgiving at St. James

St. James (Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang.) Our special Harvest celebrations were conducted this year by our own Officers and a splendid series of Meetings ensued. Saturday night, a batch of men-Cadets, under Sergeant Hunt, joined the Soldiers in a rousing Open-Air Meeting while other comrades were busily decorating the Citadel with the gifts of vegetables, fruits, etc., and which looked very attractive on the morrow.

Cadet and Band Open-Airs preceded the Holiness Meeting, all being well attended. During the Holiness Meeting the Cadets were given an official welcome as were other visitors, including Captain Hill, who gave his testimony. Several Cadets also spoke. Bandsman H. Rowett was also welcomed back into the Band after an absence of eight months or so in another part of the Lord's vineyard. Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang sang a duet, after which the Ensign administered some spiritual food to those present, this being very satisfying to our hungry souls.

In the afternoon we had our first Company Meeting since the com-

### Centenary Call Campaign

Our Aim:  
"Never falter, never fear."

encement of the paralysis epidemic, and although it hadn't been advertised very much a goodly number of children attended.

The evening Meeting was brim full of praise and thankfulness for the good things provided for us by our great Creator, testimonies, songs and messages all being a strain of thanksgiving, as was the very appropriate Band selection rendered so feelingly, and Mrs. Captain Carswell's solo. Thanks were expressed by the Commanding Officer for the splendid work of the Corps Cadets, Band and Soldiers in collecting for the Harvest Festival which was done so faithfully. It is of note that through the Ensign's endeavour he has secured donations to the Corps of three tons of coal from local dealers which will greatly lighten the Corps' usual winter burden. We wish to thank these friends through the columns of the "Cry", this is a very acceptable gift indeed.

Monday night our sale of produce took place; the Home League had a home cooking stall, Hon. Bandmaster J. Dancey auctioned off the vegetables, fruits, etc., in his usual breezy style, and, to say the least, the sale was worth while.—F.H.

### Army Friend Promoted

Hazelton (Sergeant-Major P. Wilson.) Sunday, September 16, our Holiness Meeting was conducted by Envoy Jacob Robinson, and we had a blessed time. There was no Meeting in the afternoon on account of the funeral of an old Army friend, John Muldow, who often attended our Meetings.—G.T.C.

### Few Present—One Volunteer

Kerrobert (Captain Mills and Lieut. Murdie.) On a recent Sunday, although only a very few attended our Meeting, we rejoiced to see precious souls gathered from the fields of sin. Each comrade echoed the words of the song: "We want our lives henceforth to be All fruitful in good works for Thee." —P.B.

### The Chiming of the Bells

#### Bandsman Harry Foster and Sister Blanche Hosking Wedded at Vancouver Citadel

Were I sure I should not be suspected of worldliness I would say that the marriage of Bandsman Harry Foster and Sister Blanche Hosking was one of the prettiest I have ever witnessed in The Salvation Army. Of course, there was a tremendous crowd, and as is usual on such occasions the women predominated! Everything seemed just right. The platform was neatly, if not elaborately decorated, and when Adjutant Cubitt, accompanied by Lt.-Colonel Phillips and Major Jaynes, followed by the bridegroom, who was attended by Bandsman Tom Mills, ascended the platform, the interest became intense. Then the piano, under the manipulation of Bandsman R. Cook, sounded forth the wedding bells, and the bride entered, escorted by her brother Frank, and attended by Guard-

Leader Johanson and Sunbeam-Leader Eva Grant.

Adjutant Cubitt kept the gathering excellently in hand while conducting the preliminary exercises; Staff-Captain Fenton in equally serious vein read the Scriptures and made a few comments for the edification of all present. Then Major Jaynes very suitably performed the actual wedding ceremony and pronounced the benediction.

Immediately after there was a reception in the Y.P. Hall, this being attended by intimate friends of the young couple. There were several felicitous speeches made, among those taking part being Staff-Captain Jaynes, Adjutant Cubitt, Bandsman Foster, and Bandsman and Mrs. Foster.—G.A.

### Happy Ceremony at Sherbrooke Street

On Friday evening, Sept. 21st, the up through the Y.P. Corps; they have Sherbrooke Street Hall was the scene of both rendered valuable and faithful a charming wedding which was of great service.

To the strains of the "Liverpool" March played by the Band, the bride entered, escorted by her brother Frank. Her sister Mildred acted as bridesmaid. The bridegroom was ably assisted by Band-Secretary W. Facey. After the opening exercises, the ceremony was quietly and impressively conducted by the Major and all present felt the presence of God very near blessing the union of our two young comrades.

A short recital of his own composition was rendered by Band-lad Ivan Robson, paying tribute to the groom, his Bandmaster, and the bride, who is also his Company Guard. Short speeches were given by the newlyweds and their attendants. Fid.-Major Hoddinott read the Scripture portion, and Major Oakie in a few fitting words brought the wedding service to a close.

After congratulations had been offered, a supper was attended by a hundred and seventy-five guests in the tastefully decorated lower Hall, under the direction of Mrs. Captain Boyle, assisted by the sister comrades.

Cut-of-town guests included, as well as the groom's family from Elm Creek, Man. Brother and Sister Jack Peters, of Dinsmore, Saskatchewan.

At the close of the reception, Captain Boyle promoted our comrade to the rank of Bandmaster, presenting him with his commission for this position.

### "From the Fields of Sin"

Brandon's Fruitful Harvest-Festival

Brandon (Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughay.) From the heart of each comrade gathered on our Harvest Sunday there truly ascended a note of praise, and a joyful song of thanksgiving to God for all His goodness. The beautiful decorations in the Citadel helped to create just the right atmosphere, and as we saw the fruit and vegetables displayed we realised again the truth of the promise that seedtime and harvest should not cease. The Meetings throughout the day were bright with harvest music, this blending well with the subjects our Officers chose. At the close of the day we rejoiced to see precious souls gathered from the fields of sin. Each comrade echoed the words of the song: "We want our lives henceforth to be All fruitful in good works for Thee." —P.B.

### Sold Out!

Fernie (Captain Buckley and Lieut. Mack.) There was a most satisfactory display of fruit and vegetables at our Harvest Festival Meetings; the gatherings were well attended and much blessing resulted. The Soldiers gladly joined in the Altar Service, \$30 being the result of their offerings. The Sale was conducted by Brother Dee the following night, the proceeds being considerably above those of last year. We are glad to say that all our "War Crys" are sold every week.

### A Campaign Launched

Red Deer (Captain Johnstone and Lieut. Battie.) The Centenary Call Campaign has been launched, vigorously here, and we already rejoice in one soul for the Kingdom. This comrade, who had been a backslider for nine years, now gives a good testimony.—C.V.

### Candidates Send-off at Vancouver

Vancouver has once again sent its quota of Cadets to the Training Garrison, and this year the Citadel contribution has been equalled by that of Grandview, the thriving No. III Corps' four Cadets coming from there. At the Citadel the farewell of Candidates Cheavons, McDonald and Watt (Candidate Wagner having preceded them East a week or so previously) took place, appropriately enough on Rally Day, when our comrades were well to the front, the experiences which led them to offer themselves for Officership. The Salvation Meeting was especially fruitful.

On the Monday night Brigadier Layman conducted a brief united Do-Deuty service in the Citadel, in which all the City Candidates participated. The Brigadier explained that several had already left for stop-over points on the way to Winnipeg.

Sister Mrs. Wiseman, Grandview, spoke, representing the parents, and we were also glad to hear from our veteran comrade Lt.-Colonel Phillips.

After the hearty, although short Meeting, a monster march was formed up, and the Candidates were escorted to the station. Grandview Band and Soldiers were out in strong force, and formed an important part in the procession. At the C.P.R. Station quite a crowd had gathered to witness the fact that, even if Vancouver Salvationists can do well in frequently giving enthusiastic receptions they can do even better in the way of send-offs. Both the Bands played on the platform, and after much handshaking and leave-taking, the future Officers boarded the train which took them on the first stage of what their comrades sincerely hope may be a life of useful service.—G.A.

### A Red-Letter Day

A Fiery Prayer-Meeting and Nine Surrenders

Weston (Captain Littley and Lieut. Venn.) Sunday was a red-letter day for Weston, when we welcomed our

### Centenary Call Campaign

The "War Cry" is an excellent introduction in house-to-house visitation.

new Brigade of Cadets, and also had the pleasure of a visit from Adjutant Davies in the Holiness Meeting. In the morning Lieutenant Venn spoke helpfully. At night the Hall was full for the farewell of Lieutenant Venn, who, as said the two comrades who spoke, has been a great blessing to us during her short stay with us. After Captain Littley's address a fiery Prayer-Meeting followed when nine Captures were made, eight of these being backsliders. Weston is out to pull down the Devil's kingdom.

—V. Boorman

### An Arduous Battle

Saskatoon Citadel (Ensign and Mrs. Collier.) Victory was again on the Lord's side last weekend when two young men knelt at the Mercy Seat at the close of the day's fighting. It had been an arduous battle, and we praise God for the result. The harvest Festival Effort has been well organized by the Ensign, and good testimony are anticipated.—F.P.

**A F**

**WHAT**  
MANY things have  
Bristow and his  
come to the attention of  
Army Corps  
trouble, and when her  
had taken her in tress  
With the help of a  
been reclaiming  
to them in trying to  
been drawn in through the  
Came some through the  
There had been a  
taxed all the resources of  
dissidents. During the  
had come to the aid of  
stay in the Second  
the second year. It  
An attempt was made  
had been a  
had grabbed the kettle an  
that was to pick him up  
and the kettle  
challenge and the officer  
The man had pitched forward  
upwards to the  
cry. "Danny?" It was Danny.  
But Danny was not killed  
removed, and the next day  
Bristow and his wife  
he was the father of Helen  
Mrs. Bristow later, Helen  
Danny and her willings

**CH**  
The V  
**CHRISTMAS** week  
was full. The s  
before Christmas still  
had continued cold.  
The Soldiers of the Co  
The Watch-night  
many. A sweet and  
consecration pervaded  
year was dying, the  
prayer. Upon their  
lives afresh to God.  
Upon rising again to  
about the Hall, and  
hearts sang earnestly  
"I'll be  
I'll be  
And I  
I shall  
If I am  
Then in the first ha  
band, the numbers gr  
church people of Sard  
march and Open-Air M  
the midnight stars up  
given glowing testim  
fulness. **A Song for**

The special revival  
with this Watch-night  
day night of the new  
usual power and bless  
very near to them an  
to lives of godliness.

Will Coulter sang at  
had a pleasing voice and  
feeling, but that night  
inspired. Afterward  
about his singing that  
As he stood upon the p  
deeply moved, and sa  
song that covered his  
those there who knew  
entered with him into  
truly seemed fitted for

"The sheltering fo  
The ninety and  
But one poor lost  
Far out in the d  
The terror of nig  
And filled its p  
But the Good She  
And His gather

"The night was so  
And stony and  
But the Good She  
As He faced the  
For His heart it g  
When He thought  
And when He retu  
On His shoulder

And when he came  
on the expressive fin  
"Through the temp  
And He sought  
But I'm glad that  
For I am the sh

The audience had  
singing of the song, an  
there were but few who  
many eyes were wet

**Copyright**



**Centenary Call Campaign**  
"Face the foe, to battle go—and  
never never run away".

THE  
**WAR CRY**

**Centenary Call Campaign**  
"We'll tear Hell's Throne to pieces  
and win the world for Jesus".

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1928

No. 41

## 46th Annual Territorial Congress

**LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH**

— TOGETHER WITH —

**Colonel Mary Booth, C.B.E.**

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

Assisted by Officers of the Territorial and Divisional Headquarters will  
conduct Congress Gatherings



Colonel Booth

### WINNIPEG

From OCTOBER 12th to 15th

Friday, October 12th Grace Church 8.0 p.m.	Welcome and Spectacular Demonstration displaying a "Pageant of Merciful Adventure."
Saturday, Oct. 13th 7.0 p.m.	Public Parade and Salute
Saturday, Oct. 13th First Baptist Church 8.0 p.m.	United Salvationist Rally
Sunday, October 14th—Capitol Theatre	
10.45 a.m. <b>United Holiness Gathering</b> <i>Colonel Mary Booth will lecture: Subject: "The Work of The Salvation Army." Chair to be taken by His Honor Lt.-Col. T. A. Burrows Supported by Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba Mayor Dan Maclean and others</i>	3.00 p.m. <b>A Salvation Mass Meeting—</b> <i>Colonel Booth will speak</i>
7.00 p.m. <b>A Salvation Mass Meeting—</b> <i>Colonel Booth will speak</i>	
Monday, Oct. 15th Grace Church 8.0 p.m.	<b>The Congress Festival, and Life-Saving Scout and Guard Review</b>

BRIGADIER BERTHA BUHLER, OF GERMANY, WILL BE PRESENT AT THE ENTIRE SERIES OF MEETINGS

### We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry".

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of presentation of photograph, three dollars (3.00) extra.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggott, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., blue glasses; last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquires.

2202—Albert Victor Haakonen, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Grelot, French Canadian, age 35, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, station engineer or carpenter; last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Dashed lamp on right side.

2204—Tuben Dentley, Jewish, age 57, height 5 ft. 1 in., blue hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Owned Dry Goods Store in Winnipeg. Has small pimple near right eye and double chin. Wife anxious to locate.

2207—Elvira Johanne Erikson, age 23, average height, blonde hair, blue eyes. Last heard from Saskatoon, Sask. Her old father is very anxious.

2159—John Christensen, Bound-guard Christensen called John Christensen. Born in Horsup, Denmark, April, 1895. Was a mounted policeman. Work on police force at Drumheller, Alta. Mother very sad on account of his silence.

2206—Ernest Paul Johansson, born at Fredrikshald, Norway, in 1884. Mother's name was Emilie Johansen. Visited Norway in 1907 and came to U.S. and took up residence in New York and two sisters (Emma and Marie) with him. Last known address Winnipeg, Forest Worker (cook).

2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife, Pattern makers Number 1 Pattern Makers League, 11063, was residing Forest Worker at time of last known address, Vancouver B.C. Wife had dress making business at East Grandview, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

2105—James Young Campbell, Age 21 height 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Paisley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2093—Clara Freda Towle, Daughter of Leslie and Amy Towle, age would be between 20 and 23, brown hair, blue eyes, slender, 5 ft. 4 in., New Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this girl or her mother, kindly communicate with this office.

2118—David Johnstone, Age 55, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When heard of he was in Calgary, about two years ago. Very anxious to hear from him.

1801—Samuel Gibson, Age 40, tall, brown complexion. Miner, missing from Drumheller.

2189—Mrs. Lillian Turner, former Mountie. Last heard of in Vancouver about two years ago.

2109—Roy Harrington, Age about 18, complexion, gross a mustache and is bald, 5 ft. 3 in. Generally works as foreman in the camps. Last heard of at Prince George in 1926.

2194—James and Peter Laird Leggett, born February 20th, 1928, were then in Victoria, B.C. Father deceased. Mother, Mrs. Mary Leggett, 6 ft. 2 in., voice 5 ft. 10 in. James died. Peter auburn, James has flattened upper lip. Peter has scars on head with cuts. Both are deaf by birth. Both are blind and Peter is blind. Mother is anxious that the boys know that it will be all right for them to return home if working, write and give their address.